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THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears:
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot:
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The joys that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright,
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

HOW DEACON TUBMAN AND THE PARSON KEPT NEW YEAR.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

"New Year's, eh?" exclaimed Dea. Tubman, as he lifted himself to his elbow and peered through the frosty window panes toward the east, where the colorless morning was creeping shiveringly into sight. "New Year's, eh?" he repeated, as he hitched himself into an upright position, and straightened his night-cap that had gone somewhat askew in his slumber. "Bless my soul, how the years do fly! But that's all right; yes, it's all right. No one can expect them to stay, and why should we? There's better fish in the net than we've taken out yet," and with this consolatory observation, the deacon rubbed his head energetically, while the bright happy look of his face grew brighter and happier as the process proceeded. "Yes, there's better fish in the net than we've taken out yet," *he added gaily*, "and if there isn't, there's *no use* in crying about it," and with this philosophical observation, he bounced merrily out of bed into his trowsers.

We say Dea. Tubman bounced into his trowsers; to be exact we should say that he bounced into half of them, and, with the other *half* trailing behind him, he skipped to the window, and putting his little plump, round, rosy face almost against the panes, gazed out upon the world. Everything was bright, sparkling and cold, for the earth was covered with snow, and the clear gray of the early morning spread its rayless illumination over the great dome, in the fading blue of which a few starry points still gleamed.

"Bless me, what a morning!" he exclaimed. "Beautiful! beautiful!" he repeated, as he stood with his eyes fastened on the east and balancing himself on one foot and feeling around for that half of the trowsers not yet appropriated. "Bless me, what a bright day," he ejaculated, as he saved himself, by a quick upward wrench from falling from a trip he had inadvertently given himself in an abortive effort to insert his foot in the unfilled leg of his pantaloons. "Ha, ha, that's a good 'un," he exclaimed; "trip yourself up in getting into your own trowsers, will you, Dea. Tubman?" and he laughed as merrily at the joke as if it was a good one.

"A happy New Year to everbody," cried the deacon, as he thrust his foot into his stocking, for the floor of the good man's chamber was carpetless and so cleanly white that its cleanliness itself was enough to freeze one. "Yes, a happy New Year to everybody, high, low, rich, poor, north, south, east and west, wherever they are, the world over, at home and abroad, Amen!" And the deacon, partly at the sweeping character of his benediction and partly because he was feeling so jolly inside he couldn't help it, laughed merrily, as he seized a boot and thrust his foot vigorously into it.

"What's this? what's this?" cried the deacon, as he tugged away at the strap until he was red in the face. "This boot never went on hard before. What's the matter with the pesky thing?" And he rose from his chair, and standing on one foot, turned and twisted about, tugging all the while at the straps, till his face glowed and flushed as red as a beet.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the deacon, disgusted with its strange behavior, "what is the matter with this pesky boot?" And he bounced down on the chair again, and, wrenching his foot out of the offending article, held it up between both hands in front of him and shook it violently, when out, with a bump and a bound, rattled a package upon the floor, and rolled half way across the room. The deacon was after it in a jiffy, and, seizing it in his little fat hands, he held it up before his eyes and read: "A New Year's gift from Miranda." Now Miranda was the deacon's housekeeper—Mrs. T. having peacefully departed this life some years before—and speaking appreciatively of the sex, a more prim, prudent, particular member of it never existed. She had been initiated, some ten years before, into that amiable sisterhood commonly termed spinster, and was, we might add, a typical representative of it. Industrious? You may well say so. Her floors, stove, dishes, linen—well, if they weren't clean, nowhere on earth might you find clean ones. She hated dirt as she did original sin, and I've no doubt that in her own mind considered its existence in the world as the one damning and conclusive evidence of the Fall. It was really an entertainment to see her looking about the house for a speck of dirt; and the cold-blooded manner in which she would seize upon it, bear it away in the dust-pan, and, removing the lid of the stove, consign it to the flame, was—well—what shall I say—yes, that's it—was most—edifying!

Amiable? Yes, after her way! And a very noiseless sort of a way it was too. For, though she had lived with the deacon for nearly a dozen years, he had never known her to so far forget her propriety as to indulge in anything more hearty and hilarious than the most decorous of smiles, which smile was such a kind of illumination to her face as a star of inconceivably small magnitude makes to the sky in trailing across it.

Of her personal appearance we will say—nothing. Sacred let it be to memory! If you ever saw her, or one like her, whether full front or profile, whether sideways or edgewise, the vision, we are ready to swear, remains with you vividly still. Let it suffice, then, when we observe that Miss Miranda was not physically stout, and that the deacon's standing joke was by no means a bad one when he described her as "not actually burdened with fat." Yes, she was a very cleanly, very thin, very prudent, very particular person, that never joined in any sports or amusements; never joked or participated in any happy event in a happy joyous fashion, but lived unobtrusively, and we may say, coldly, in her little, prim, cold, bloodless world.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the deacon, as he looked scrutinizingly at the little, fine, thin, faintly traced inscription on the package, as if the writer had begrudged the ink that must be expended on the letters, or from a subtile and mystic self-sympathy had made the chirography as faint, delicate and attenuated as her own self.

"Gracious me!" reiterated Deacon Tubman, as he proceeded to untie the knot in pale blue ribbon smoothly bound around it. "Who ever knew Miranda to make a present before?" And the deacon was so surprised at what had taken place that, for a moment he doubted the evidence of his own senses; "and put it in my boot, too." Ha, ha! And the deacon stopped undoing the parcel, and lying back in the chair, roared at the thought of the prim, modest, particular Miranda perpetrating such a joke. And when the wrapping of the package was at last undone, for every corner and crease of it were as carefully turned and as sharply edged as if the smoothing iron had passed over them—will wonders ever cease in this startling world of ours?—out dropped a night-cap! Yes, a night-cap, delicately and deftly crocheted in warm woolen stuff of a rice cardinal color.

Ha, ha," laughed the deacon as he held the cap between his thumb and fore-finger of one hand up before his eyes, while he rubbed his bald crown with the other "Good for Miranda." And then as a small slip of white paper fluttered to the floor, he seized it and read, "A happy New Year to Dea. Tubman from Miranda."

"A good girl, a good girl, said the deacon, "not overburdened with fat, but a good girl," and with this rather equivocal compliment to the donor, with his boot in one hand and the cap in the other, he rushed impulsively to the stairway and shouted:

"A happy New Year to you, Miranda, God bless you, God bless you," and he swung his boot instead of his cap vigorously over his head, while his round rosy face beamed down the stairway into the cold hall below like a warm harvest moon over the crisp autumnal stubble.

In response to the deacon's hearty, and, we may add, somewhat uproarious greeting, the kitchen door timidly opened and Miranda, who had been astir for nearly an hour and had the table already laid for breakfast, stepped into view, and, with a smile on her face that actually broadened its thinness dangerously near to the proportions of a genial and happy reciprocation of the jovial greeting, dropped a courtesy and said:

"Thank you, Deacon Tubman, I hope you may have many happy returns."

"A thousand to you, Miranda," shouted the deacon in response. "A thousand to you and your—children;" and the little man swung his boot vehemently over his head and laughed like a boy at his own joke, while poor, frightened, scandalized Miranda turned and scudded, like a patch of thin vapor blown by an unexpected gust of wind, through the door into the kitchen, with a face colored scarlet, with an actual unmistakable blush—though whence the blood came from that reddened the clean, cold white of her thin face is a physiological mystery.

In a moment the deacon was fully dressed, and he scuttled as merrily and wildly down the rounding stairway as a gust of autumn wind running through a patch of russet leaves. Through the hall and kitchen, where he ran against old Towser, the big Newfoundland watch-dog, who stood in the passage expectantly waiting his coming.

"A happy New Year to you, Towser, old boy," he cried, and, seizing the huge dog by his shaggy coat, he wrestled with him like a merry-hearted boy. "A happy New Year to you, old fellow," he responded as the dog broke into a series of joyful barks; "speak it right out, Towser. God made you as full of fun as the rest of us, and a good deal fuller than many of your kind, and mine too, and, with his back-handed hit at the vinegar-visaged and acidulous-hearted of his own species, the deacon shuffled and slid along the crisp, icy path toward the barn, while Towser gambolled through the deep snow, and plunged into the huge fleecy drifts, in as merry a mood as his merry master.

"A happy New Year to you, old Jack," he called out to his horse, as he entered the barn, and Jack neighed a happy return, more expectant, perhaps, of his breakfast of oats than appreciative of the greeting, "and a happy New Year to you, youngster," he shouted to the colt, who, being at liberty to roam at will, had already appropriated a section of the haymow to his own satisfaction. "Ha, none of that, you woolly-coated rogue you," he cried, as he jumped aside to avoid a kick that a bunch of equine mischief antically snapped at him. "None of that, you little unconverted sinner you. I verily believe the parson is right, and that

In Adam's fall
We sinned all—

men and beast, colts and children, all in one lot," and so, talking to himself and his cattle, the good, jolly, little man, whose good-heartedness represented more genuine orthodoxy than the whole Westminister catechism, bustled merrily about the barn and did his chores, while the cockerels crowed noisily from their perches overhead, the fat, white pigs grunted in lazy contentment from their warm beds of straw, and the oxen, with their large luminous eyes, gazed benevolently at him as he examined their mangers generously full with the fragrant hay that smelled sweetly of the flowers and the odorous meadowland where, in the warm summer sunshine, it had ripened for the welcome scythe.

How happy is life, in whatever part of this great fragrant world of ours it is lived when men live it happily, and how gloomily seems its sunshine, even, when seen through the shadows and darkness of ourselves surly moods.

What happy-hearted fairy was it that possessed the deacon's heart and home on this bright New Year's morn, I wonder? Surely, some angel of fun and frolic had flown into the deacon's house, with the opening of the year, and was filling it, and the hearts within it, too, with mirthful moods. For the deacon laughed and joked as he buttered his cakes and fired off his funny sayings at Miranda, as he had never joked and laughed before, until Miranda herself smiled and giggled; yes, actually giggled, behind the coffee-urn, at his merry squibs, as if the little imp above mentioned was mischievously tickling her—yes, I will say it—her spinster ribs.

"Miranda, I'm going up to see the parson," exclaimed the deacon when the morning devotions were over. "I'm going to see the parson and see if I can't thaw him out a little. I've heard that there used to be lots of fun in him in his younger days, but he's sort of frozen all up latterly, and I can see that the young folks are afraid of him and the church too, but that won't do—no, it won't do," repeated the the good man emphatically, "for the minister ought to be loved by young and old, rich and poor and everybody, and a church without any young folks in it is, yes, it is like a family with no children in it. Yes, I'll go up and wish him a happy New Year any way. Perhaps I can get him out for a ride and make some calls on the people and see the young folks at their fun. It'll do him good, and them good, and everybody good." Saying which, the deacon got inside his warm fur coat and started toward the barn to harness Jack into the worn old-fasioned sleigh, which sleigh was built high in the back and had a curved dasher of monstrous proportions, ornamented with a prancing horse in an impossible attitude, done in bright vermillion on a blue background.

"Happy New Year to you," Parson Whitney; happy New Year to you," cried the deacon, as he stood in the doorway of the parsonage and shook the parson by the hand enthusiastically, "and may you live to enjoy a hundred."

"Come in," cried Parson Whitney, in response. "I'm glad you've come, I've been wanting to see you all the morning," and, in the cordiality of his greeting, he literally pulled the little man through the doorway into the hall, and hurried him up the stairway to his study in the chamber overhead.

"Thinking of me! "Well, now, I never," exclaimed the deacon, as, assisted by the parson, he twisted and wiggled himself out of his coat that he a little too snuggly fitted for an easy exit. "Thinking of me, and among all those books too, bibles, catechisms, tracts, theologies, sermons; well that is funny—what made you think of me?"

"Deacon Tubman," responded the parson, as he seated himself in his arm-chair," I want to talk with you about the church."

"The church!" ejaculated the deacon in response, "nothing going wrong, I hope?"

"Yes, things are going wrong, deacon," responded the parson; "the congregation is growing smaller and smaller, and yet I preach good, strong, biblical, soul-satisfying sermons I trust."

"Good ones! good ones!" answered the deacon promptly; "never better, never better in the world."

"And yet the people are deserting the sanctuary," rejoined the parson solemnly; "and the young people won't come to the sociables, and the little children seem actually afraid of me. What shall I do, deacon?" and the good man put the question with pathetic emphasis.

"You've hit the nail on the head, square as a hatchet, parson,, responded the deacon. "The congregation is thinning—the young people don't come to the meetings, and the children are afraid of you."

"What is the matter deacon?" cried the parson in return. "What is it?" he repeated earnestly, "speak it right out; don't try to spare my feelings. I will listen to—I will do anything to win back my peoples' love," and the strong old-fashioned, Calvinistic preacher said it in a voice that actually trembled.

"You can do it, you can do it, in a week!" exclaimed the deacon encouragingly. "Don't worry about it, parson, it'll be all right, it'll be all right; your books are the trouble."

"Eh? eh? books?" ejaculated the parson. "What have they to do with it?"

"Everything," replied the deacon stoutly; "you pore over them day in and day out; they keep you in this room here when you should be out among the people—not making pastoral visits—I don't mean that, but going around among them, chatting and joking and having a good time. They would like it, and you would like it, and as for the young folks—how old are you, parson?"

"Sixty next month," answered the parson, "sixty next month," he repeated solemnly.

"Thirty! thirty! that's all you are, parson, or all you ought to be," cried the deacon. "Thirty, twenty, sixteen. Let the figures slide down and up, according to circumstances, but never let them go higher than 30 when you are dealing with young folks. I'm 60 myself, counting years, but I'm only 16, 16 this morning, that's all, parson," and he rubbed his little, round plump hands together, looked at the parson and winked.

"Bless my soul, Deacon Tubman, I don't know but that you are right!" answered the parson. "Sixty? I don't know as I am 60," and he began to rub his own hands, and came within an ace of excuting a wink at the deacon himself.

"Not a day over 20, if I am any judge of age," responded the deacon, deliberately, as he looked the white-headed old minister over with a most comical imitation of seriousness. "Not a day over 20, on my honor," and the deacon leaned forward towards the parson, and gave him a punch with his thumb as one boy might deliver a punch at another, and then he lay back in his chair and laughed so heartily that the parson caught the infectious mirth and roared away as heartily as himself.

Yes, it was impossible to sit hobnobbing with that little, fat, jolly deacon on that bright New Year's morning and not be affected by the happiness of his mood, for he was actually bubbling over with fun, and as full of frolic as if the finger of the dial had, in truth, gone back 40 odd years and he was "only 16. Only 16, parson, on my honor."

"But what can I do," queried the good man, sobering down. "I make my pastoral visits—"

"Pastoral visits," responded Deacon Tubman. "Oh, yes, and they are all well enough for the old folks, but they aren't the kind of biscuit the young folks like—too heavy in the center, and over hard in the crust for young teeth, eh, parson?"

"But what shall I do? what shall I do?" reiterated the parson, somewhat despondently.

"Oh, put on your hat and gloves and warmest coat, and come along with me. We will see what the young folks are doing, and we will make a day of it. Come, come; let the old books and catechisms, and sermons, and tracts, have a respite for once, and we'll spend the day out of doors with the boys and girls."

"I'll do it!" exclaimed the parson. Deacon Tubman, you are right. I keep to my study too closely. I don't see enough of the world, and what's going on in it. I was reading the Testament this morning, and I was impressed with the Master's manner of living and preaching. It is not certain that he ever preached more than twice in a church, during all his ministry on earth. And the children! how much he loved the children, and how the little ones loved him! And why shouldn't they love me. Why shouldn't they? I'll make them do it! Yes, I'll make them do it! The lambs of my flock shall love me!" And with these brave words, Parson Whitney bundled himself up in his warmest garments and followed the deacon down stairs.

"Tell the folks that you won't be back till night," called the deacon from the sleigh, "for this is New Year and we're going to make a day of it," and he laughed away as heartily as might be—so heartily that the parson joined in the laughter himself as he came shuffling down the icy path toward him. "Bless, me, how much younger I feel already," said the good man as he stood up in the sleigh, and, with a long, strong breath, he breathed the cool pure air into his lungs. "Bless me, how much younger I feel already," he repeated as he settled down into the roomy seat of the old sleigh. "Only 16 to-day, eh, deacon," and he nudged him with his elbow.

"That's all; that's all, parson," answered the deacon gaily, as he nudged him vigorously back; "that's all we are either of us," and, laughing as merrily as two boys, they glided away in the sleigh.

Well, perhaps they didn't have fun that day—these two old boys that had started out with the feeling that they were "only 16," and bound to "make a day of it." And they did make a day of it, in fact, and such a day as neither had had for 40 years. For, first, they went to Bartlett's hill, where the boys and girls were coasting, and coasted with them for a full hour, and then it was discovered by the younger portion of his flock that the parson was not an old stiff, solemn, surly poke, as they had thought, but a pleasant, good-natured kindly soul, who could take and give a joke, and steer a sled as well as the smartest boy in the crowd, and when it came to snowballing he could send a ball further than Bill Sykes himself, who could outthrow any boy in town, and roll up a bigger block of the new snow fort they were building than any three boys among them. And how the parson enjoyed being a boy again. How exhilarating the slide down the steep hill; how invigoratiug the pure, cool air; how pleasant the noise going on around him; how bright and sweet the boys and girls looked with their cheeks and sparkling eyes, and how the old parson's heart thrilled as they crowded around him when he would go, and urged him to stay; and little Alice Dorchester begged him, with her little arms around his neck to "gest stay and gib me one more slide."

"You never made such a pastoral call as that, parson," said the deacon, as they drove away amid the cheers of the boys and the "good byes" of the girls, while the former fired off a volley of snow-balls in his honor, and the latter waved their muffs and handkerchiefs after them.

"God bless them! God bless them!" said the parson. "They have lifted a load from my heart and taught me the sweetness of life, of youth and the wisdom of Him who took the little ones up in His arms and blessed them. Ah, deacon," he added, "I've been a great fool, but I'll be so, thank God no more."

Now, old Jack was a horse of a great deal of character, and had a history, but of this none in that section, save the little deacon knew a word. Dick Tubman, the deacon's youngest, wildest, and we might add, favorite son, had purchased him of an impecunious jockey, at the close of, to him, a disastrous campaign, that cleaned him completely out and left him in a strange city, a thousand miles from home, with nothing but the horse, harness and sulky, and a list of unpaid bills, that must be met before he could leave the scene of his disastrous fortunes. Under such circumstances it was that Dick Tubman ran across the horse, and partly out of pity for its owner and partly out of admiration of the horse, whose failure to win at the races was due more to his lack of condition, and the bad management of his jockey, than lack of speed, bought him off-hand, and, having no use for him himself, shipped him as a present to the deacon, with whom he had now been four years, with no harder work than plowing out the good man's corn in the summer and jogging along the country roads on the deacon's errands. Having said this much of the horse, perhaps we should more particularly describe him.

He was, in sooth, an animal of most unique and extraordinary appearance. For in the first place, he was quite 17 hands it height and long in proportion. He was also the reverse of shapely in the fashion of his build, for his head was long and bony, and his hip bones sharp and protuberant, his tail was what is known among horsemen as a rat tail, being but scantily covered with hair, and his neck was even more scantily supplied with a mane, while in color he could easily have taken any premium put up for homeliness, being an ashen roan, mottled with flecks and patches of divers hue. But his legs were flat and corded like a racer's, his nostrils large, his ears sharply pointed and lively, while the white rings around his eyes hinted a cross somewhere in his pedigree, with Arabian blood. A huge, bony and homely-looking horse he was, who drew the deacon and Miranda into the village on market days and Sundays, with a loose, shambling gait, making altogether an appearance so homely and peculiar that the smart village chaps riding along in their jaunty turn-outs used to chaff the good deacon on the character of his steed, and satirically challenge him to a brush. The deacon always took their badinage in good part, although he inwardly said more than once, "If I ever get a good chance, when there aren't too many around, I'll go up to the turn of the road beyond the church and let Jack out on them;" for Dick had given him a hint of the horse's history, and told him he could knock the spots out of thirty," and wickedly urged the deacon to take the starch out of them chaps some of these days. Such was the horse, then, that the deacon had ahead of him and the old-fashioned sleigh when with the parson alongside he struck into the principal street of the village.

New Year's day is a lively day in many country villages, and on this bright one, especially, as the sleighing was perfect, everbody was out. Indeed, it had got noised abroad that certain trotters of local fame were to be on the street that afternoon, and, as the boys worded it, "there would be heaps of fun going on." And so it happened that everybody in town, and many who lived out of it, were on this particular street, and just at the hour, too, when the deacon came to the foot of it, so that the walk on either side was lined darkly with lookers-on, and the smooth snow-path between the two lines looked like a veritable homestretch on a race-day.

Now, when the deacon had reached the corner of the main street and turned into it, it was at that point where the course terminated and the "brushes" were ended, and at the precise moment when the dozen or twenty horses that had just come flying down were being pulled up preparatory to returning at a slow gait to the customary starting point at the head of the street, a half mile away. So that the old-fashioned sleigh was surrounded by the light fancy tatters of the rival racers, and old Jack was shambling awkwardly along in the midst of the high spirited and smoking nags that had just come down the street.

"Hillow, deacon," shouted one of the boys, who was driving a trim-looking bay and who had crossed the line at the ending of the course second only to a pacer that could "speed like a streak of lightning," as the boys said. "Hillow, deacon; ain't you going to shake out old shamble heels and show us fellows what speed is to-day?" and the merry-hearted chap—son of the principal lawyer of the place—laughed heartily at his challenge, while the other drivers looked at the great angular steed that, without any check, was walking carelessly along with his head down, ahead of the old sleigh and its churchly occupants.

"I don't know but that I will, answered the deacon good naturedly; don't know but I will, if the parson don't object and you won't start off too quick to begin with, for this is New Year's, and a little extra fun won't hurt any of us, I reckon."

"Do it, do it; we'll hold up for you," answered a dozen merry voices. "Do it, deacon; it'll do old shamble heels good to to go a 10-mile-an-hour gait for once in his life, and the parson needn't fear of being scandalized by any speed you'll get out of him, either," and the merry chaps hawhawed as men and boys will, when every one is jolly and fun flows fast.

And so, with any amount of good natured chaffing from the drivers of the "fast uns" and from many that lined the road too—for the day gave greater liberty than usual to bantering speech. The speedy ones paced slowly up toward the head of the street, with old Jack shambling demurly in the midst of them.

But the horse was a knowing old fellow, and had "scored" too many races not to know that the "return" was to be leisurely taken, and, indeed, he was a horse of independence, and of too even, perhaps of too sluggish, a temperament, to waste himself in needless action, but he had the right stuff in him, and hadn't forgotten his early training either, for when he came to the "turn" his head and tail came up, his eye brightened, and with a playful movement of his huge body, and without the least hint from the deacon, he swung himself and the cumbersome old sleigh into line, and began to straighten himself for the coming brush.

Now, Jack was, as we have said, a horse of huge proportions, and needed "steadying" at the start, but the good deacon had had no experience with the "ribbons," and was, therefore, utterly unskilled in the matter of driving, and so it came about that old Jack was so confused at the start that he made a most awkward and wretched appearance in his effort to get off, being all "mixed up," as the saying is, so much so that the crowd roared at his ungainly efforts and his flying rivals were twenty rods away before he even got started. But at last he got his huge body in a straight line, and, leaving his miserable shuffle, squared away to his work, and, with head and tail up, went off at so slashing a gait that it fairly took the deacon's breath away, and caused the crowd that had been hooting him to roar their applause, while the parson grabbed the edge of the old sleigh with one hand and the rim of his tall black hat with the other.

What a pity, Mr. Longface, that God made horses as they are, and gave them such grandeur of appearance when in action, and put an eagle-like spirit between their ribs, so that, quitting the plodding motions of the ox, they can fly like that noble bird, and come sweeping down the course as on wings of the wind.

It was not my fault, nor the deacon's, nor the parson's either, please remember then, that awkward, shuffling, homely-looking old Jack was thus suddenly transformed, by the royalty of blood, of pride, and of speed given him by his Creator, from what he ordinarily was, into a magnificent spectacle of energetic velocity.

With muzzle lifted well up, tail erect, the few hairs in it streaming straight behind, one ear pricked forward and the other turned sharply back, the great horse swept grandly along at a pace that was rapidly bringing him even with the rear line of the flying group. And yet, so little was the pace to him that he fairly gamboled in playfulness as he went slashing along, till the deacon verily feared that the honest old chap would break through all bounds of propriety and send his heels antically through the treasured dashboard. Indeed, the spectacle that the huge horse presented was so magnificent; his action so free spirited and playful, as he came sweeping onward, that cheers and exclamations such as, "Good heavens, see the deacon's old horse!" "Just look at him!" "What a stride!" etc., etc., ran ahead of him, and old Bill Sykes, a trainer in his day, but now a hanger-on at the village tavern, or that section of it known as the bar, wiped his watery eyes with his tremulous fist as he saw Jack come swinging down and, as he swept past with his open gait, powerful stroke and stifles playing well out, brought his hand down with a mighty slap against his thigh and said, "I'll be blowed if he is not a regular old timer!"

It was fortunate for the deacon and the parson that the noise and cheering of the crowd drew the attention of the drivers ahead, or there would have been more than one collision; for the old sleigh was of such size and strength, the good deacon so unskilled at the reins, and Jack, who was adding to his momentum with every stride, was going at so determined a pace, that, had he struck the rear line, with no gap for him to go through, something serious would have happened. But, as it was, the drivers saw the huge horse, with the cumbrous old sleigh behind him, bearing down upon them at such a gait as made their own speed, sharp as it was, seem slow, and "pulled out" in time to save themselves; and so, without any mishap the big horse and heavy sleigh swept through the rear row of racers like an autumn gust through a cluster of leaves.

But by this time the deacon had become somewhat alarmed, for Jack was going nigh to a 30 clip—a frightful pace for an inexperienced man to ride—and began to put a good strong pressure upon the bit, not doubting that old Jack—ordinarily the easiest horse in the world to manage—would take the hint and obediently slow up. But, though the huge horse took the hint, it was in exactly the opposite manner that the deacon intended he should, for he interpreted the little man's steady pull as an intimation that his inexperienced driver was getting over his flurry and beginning to treat him as a horse ought to be treated in a race, and that he could now, having got settled to his work, go ahead. And go ahead he did. The more the deacon pulled the more the great horse felt himself steadied and assisted. And so, the harder the good man tugged at the reins, the more powerfully the machinery of the big animal ahead of him worked, until the deacon got alarmed and began to call upon the horse to stop, crying "Whoa, Jack, whoa, old boy, I say. Whoa, will you now? that's a good fellow," and many other coaxing calls, while he pulled away steadily at the reins.

But the horse misunderstood the deacon's calls as he had his pressure on the reins, for the crowd on either side was now yelling and hooting and swinging their caps so that the deacon's voice fell indistinctly on his ears at the best, and he interpeted his calls for him to stop as only so many encouragements and signals for him to go ahead, and so, with the memory of 100 races stirring his blood—the crowd cheering him to the echo—the steadying pull and encouraging cries of his driver in his ears, and his only rival, the pacer, whirling along only a few rods ahead of him, the monstrous animal, with a desperate plunge that half lifted the old sleigh from the snow, let out another link, and with such a burst of speed as was never seen in the village before, tore along after the pace at such a terrific pace that, within the distance of a dozen lengths, he lay lapped upon him, and the two were going it nose and nose.

What is that feeling in human hearts which makes us sympathetic with man or animal who has unexpectedly developed courage and capacity when engaged in a struggle in which the odds are against him? And why do we enter so spiritedly into the contest, and lose ourselves in the excitement of the moment? Is it pride? Is it the comradeship of courage? Or is it the rising of the indomitable in us, that loves nothing so much as victory, and hates nothing so much as defeat? Be this as it may, no sooner was old Jack fairly lapped on the pacer, whose driver was urging him along with reins and voice alike, and the contest seemed doubtful, than the spirit of old Adam himself entered into the deacon and the parson both, so that, carried away by the excitement of the race, they fairly forgot themselves, and entered as wildly into the contest as two ungodly jockeys.

"Deacon Tubman," said the parson, as he clutched the rim of his tall hat, against which the snow chips, as the horse tore along, were pelting in showers, more stoutly, "Deacon Tubman, do you think the pacer will beat us?"

"Not if I can help it! not if I can help it!" yelled the deacon in reply, as, with something like a reinsman's skill he instinctively lifted Jack to another spurt.

"Go it, old boy," he shouted encouragingly. "Go along with you! go along with you, I say!" and the parson, also, carried away by the whirl of the moment, cried. "Go along, old boy! Go along with you, I say!"

This was the very thing and the only thing that the huge horse, whose blood was now fairly aflame, wanted to rally him for the final effort; and, in response to the encouraging cries of the two behind him, he gathered himself together for another burst of speed and put forth his collected strength with such tremendous energy and suddenness of movement that the little deacon, who had risen and was standing erect in the sleigh, fell back into the arms of the parson, while the great horse rushed over the line a winner by a clear length, amid such cheers and roars of laughter as were never heard in that village before.

Nor was the horse any more the object of public interest and remark—we may say favorable remark—than the parson, who suddenly found himself the center of a crowd of his own parishioners, many of whom would scarcely be expected as participants of such a scene, but who, thawed out of their iciness by the genial temper of the day, and vastly excited over Jack's contest, thronged upon the good man, laughing as heartily as any jolly sinner in the crowd.

So everybody shook hands with the parson and wished him a happy New Year, and the parson shook hands with everbody and wished them all many happy returns; and everybody praised old Jack and rallied the deacon on his driving, and then everybody went home good-natured and happy, laughing and talking about the wonderful race, and the change that had come over Parson Whitney.

And as for Parson Whitney himself, the day and its fun had taken 20 years from his age, and nothing would answer but the deacon must go home and eat the New Year's pudding at the parsonage—and he did. And at the table they talked and laughed over the funny incidents of the day, and joked each other as merrily as two boys. Then Parson Whitney told some reminiscences of his college days, and the scrapes he got into, and a riot between town and gown, when, he carried the "Bully's Club," and the deacon responded by narrating his experiences with a certain Deacon Jones' watermelon patch, when he was a boy, and over their tales and their mulled cider they laughed till they cried, and roared so lustily at the remembered

(*continued on 4th page.*)

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SPECIAL.

We have moved from 609 Louisiana Avenue to Rooms 45 and 46, 3d Floor,, St. Cloud Building, Cor. of F and 9th Sts. N. W.

Those desiring the editor on business can find him in Room 45 from 12.10 to 12.25 and any afternoon, from 4 to half-past 5.

THE OSBORNE BAZAAR.

We desire once more to call the attention of our readers and the colored people of this community especially, to the fact that the Osborne Bazaar is now at 923 7th Street, n. w. The young ladies who carry on this enterprise deserve the strongest possible financial and moral support from our people. Besides the fancy goods and notions, they carry on the millinery business, and thus are preparing to open the way for the employment of colored girls, many of whom leave our schools after they finish the grammar schools, for whom there is no employment save as house servants; which, although perfectly honorable, is by no means remunerative. Of all the other establishments on Seventh Street, there is no one in which the face of a colored girl or young woman is seen behind a counter—visit Lansburg, Baum's, or any other, and you will find what we say only too true. If the people will patronize this establishment kept by our own young ladies, they will enable them to put in a larger stock and variety of goods, and to give work to a number of hands, and thus help to develop talents which might be unemployed.

Besides, we doubt not that fancy needle and hair work can be left on sale at their establishment—in fact, we are justified in saying that these ladies will be too glad to thus accommodate those of our ladies' whose tastes run in this direction. Much more might be said on this subject.

An opportunity now presents itself whereby the colored people of this community, without going out of their way—for everybody goes on 7th St.—and without having to pay more for the same class of goods than elsewhere, can show whether they are ready to help one another in business.

Our preachers have an opportunity to call the attention of their congregations to this matter, and thus show that they have a care for our temporal as well as our spiritual interests.

We believe our people will avail themselves of this opportunity. We trust we are not mistaken.

WHO ARE WEALTHIEST?

It is a great mistake to say that the colored people of Georgia are the wealthiest in the country because they pay taxes on $6,000,000. Suppose that the amount were $7,500,000, it would not then be the greatest, either in the aggregate or per capita. There are in round numbers 750,000 colored people in Georgia, which would make the amount on which they pay taxes *only* $10 a piece, while the average assessed valuation of Georgia is $156 for each indivdual of the entire population.

It is reliably reported that in Louisiana the colored people, numbering 500,000, pay taxes on $25,000,000, per capita of $50, against an average state per capita of $166, thus showing that the colored people of this state pay taxes on nearly one-third of the proportion they would be entitled to were their wealth in proportion to their population. Comparing the per capita of assessed values of the colored people of Louisiana and that of Georgia, it will be seen at a glance that the former own five times as much as the latter. We do not say this as a reproach to the people of Georgia. They have done well for their opportunities. They have contended against almost insuperable obstacles.

But we make this comparative statement in order that their true relative position may be determined. Similar investigation as to North Carolina, Kentucky and Maryland, all former slave states, will show results equally as interesting; and if the data could be had, it would be important to fix the proportion of such states as Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York.

FIRST NEGRO JUDGE.

The first Negro Judge of the great civilizen north, is the Hon. Mr. Ruffin, of Massachusetts. What a commentary on the vaunted spirit of freedom of the seat of alleged higher civilization, etc, that not until this year of grace, 1883, a colored man was found who could be a Judge. While they may not have been as plentiful as the famous leaves of Vallambrosa, there certainly must have been, at least, sporadic cases of intellect, which would have been equal to the Bench. The love of the north for the Negro is "cheap and nasty," and whenever exercised, is merely to exemplify principles whose ends are desirable. If the north were sincere in its interest in the Negro, there would be more Negroes holding Judgeships and other prominent offices.—*New Era.*

It is undeniably true that the north has not begun to do one-tenth it should have done in the line of elevating colored men to official honors; but we ask our colored contemporary, of Democratic proclivities, to answer us, whether the south—the white south, has been any more generous. The colored men in the south who have held honorable offices, in South Carolina as elsewhere, have done so by virtue of the votes of colored men, and where colored men are in the majority.

On the other hand, in Massachusetts, where, by the way, colored men had been elected to the legislature prior to reconstruction, Judge Ruffin represents a class which polls a possible 6,000 out of an aggregate of a possible 500,000 votes. When any southern community, by the votes of its white citizens, bestows higher honors than those conferred on Judge Ruffin in Massachusetts, or Auditor McCabe in Kansas, on any of its colored citizens, it will be time for the south to reproach the north for its tardiness.

The open letter of Captains Fleetwood and Kelley to the Commissioners about the failure of the latter to secure improved arms for the colored militia companies, although they did not fail to secure them for white organizations whose applications had been subsequently filed, was wholly justifiable. The manner in which the matter was presented is deserving of all praise. That the Commissioners were left wholly without answer is evident by their declaration—now that all the white organizations are supplied—that they intend to have nothing more to do with the matter.

Read what Mr. Loudin has to say of Miss Georgie Gibbons, who is doubtless the young lady referred to:

Mr. Loudin said he was now endeavor to engage a colored wonder in the shape of a young girl whose voice is said to be remarkable for its compass. She is said to ascend from the lowest register to a very high key. Mr. Loudin himself, by the way, goes down to B-flat, and is acknowledged to be one of the best bass singers traveling. He said if this girl can descend to a lower register than he, she is truly a wonder. He hopes to succeed in engaging her.—*Ottawa Free Press*

Prof. R. R. Wright, of Augusta, Ga., appeared before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, and in his testimony made an able defense of the colored people of Georgia and the Negro in general, against aspersions made by some of the Bourbons of his city. If we had the space we would gladly reproduce his testimony.

Personal.

The Rev. Wm. Warrick died at his residence on Carpenter street, Philadelphia, on Monday, after a short illness. Mr. Warrick was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1880. His clerical work was mostly confined to North Carolina, although he was ordained at Shiloh Baptist church in 1866 and filled the pulpit on numerous occasions. His funeral was held at Shiloh church on Shursday. Mr. Warrick leaves a wife and eight children.—*S. Journal.*

One of the eight children referred to is T. B. Warrick, Esq., of our city.

—Civil Rights speeches of Douglass and Ingersoll still on hand.

On the Advantages Which the South Offers Over the North for our Colored Young Men.

A paper read before Bethel Literary, Tuesday evening, December 4 h, by A. J. Hilyer, of Minneapolis, Minn.:

In the North the Negro is shut out by flaming swords from every avenue of remunerative employment. The whites do all of the employing. It is within their power to dictate to us what we *shall* work at, and what we *shall not* work at. They will only employ us to drive carriages, wait on tables, as bell boys, domestics, to shave them or cut their hair and lastly we have the exclusive privilege, the monopoly of being chambermaids on sleeping cars. From the most remunerative of *these* employments the Negro is being gradually driven out by the more aggressive Caucasian. Even the barber shop, once so exclusively ours, is now almost gone from us. Nearly all of the first-class shops are owned by white men, and the colored barbers are gradually, but surely, relegated to back streets, basements or equal rights shops.

It is a very rare occurrence if a young colored man gets into one of the large manufacturing establishments of the North, where he may learn a trade. It is still more rare for one to get a clerkship in one of their great commercial houses, unless, as a porter or quasi clerk. There are conspicious exceptions, of course. But even in the case of these exceptions there is always a point beyond which they are not permitted to go, no matter how competent.

The employments to which colored people are restricted in the more Northern States may be reduced with a few conspicious exceptions to menial and unskilled. And these exceptions are conspicious by their fewness.

The white people of the North are in possession of everything. They own all the manufactories, the farms, the stores and the railroads. They supply all of our wants. We labor incessantly, but don't accumulate. We pour everything back into the laps of the whites. They have all the machinery, the combinations, in fact everything, calculated to *keep* the business and wealth in their hands. They are in control of the ropes and wires and they know well how to use them to the best advantage. They are on top, we down and the circumstances are favorable to keeping us down. The colored people of the North are almost lost in the midst of a people with whom they mingle freely, but never mix. Association between them *never, never* can be perfect.

In the South facts and circumstances are greatly changed. While population is not the only essential in the development of a people it is an absolute essential. And here we have numbers. We have a population one and a half times larger than the colonies at the breaking out of the Revolution. In three of the States named we are in the majority, and in others soon will be.

The whites at present own most of the soil, it is true. But it can be bought at one third of what the same land would cost in the North. There are now few manufactures. But they are springing up. The South will always be dependent upon us for labor. We begin our development with its development and anything that prospers the South, prospers us and vice versa. Most of the whites of the South disdain to labor. Labor is only honorable for the Negro. And in this country, under our free institutions, those who do the work will possess the wealth in time. The white man of the South cares more for his sweet ease, than for the accumulation of vast wealth. The white man of the North will leave no stone unturned, forego no risk of property, health or life, often labor ten days in the week in his eager grasp, after his idol. Competition, between white and white, between Greek and Greek, is so sharp as to cut small enterprises to pieces. Resort is made to vast combinations of capital. Business is carried on by great companies or corporations, and partnerships, and from all the which benefits of the Negro is persistently excluded, except in the cheapening of commodities. In this life and death struggle, the Negro has nothing to labor with but his bare hands—little chance to use machinery, no chance to use his brain and no capital to use.

In the South he has the whole field of labor, skilled and unskilled, thrown open to him. He can labor with his hands, with his heart and with his brain. He is not hampered by prejudice against Negro labor, oppressed by vast combinations of capital and labor-unions, or driven out by the sharp competition of the mope experienced and skilled Caucasian. True, he has not much capital. The capital can be developed as fast as he acquires the ability to employ it. The North is overflowing with idle capital, which could easily be diverted to the South if there was plenty of skilled labor to employ it.

Nature has been no more bountiful in her gifts in any part of the world. The soil is not surpassed by the famous valley of the Nile. Delicious fruits, illimitable forests, of valuable woods, grow in abundance. Navigable rivers are numerous. There is a great extent of sea coast containing many fine harbors. With a clear sky and its genial sunshine, the climate is the finest on the globe. In mineral wealth these States are behind some of the others, but there are thousands of square miles of mineable coal and iron, the two most valuable minerals found in the bosom of the earth. There is no better country anywhere, and all ours if we will only go and take it not conquer it, but quietly acquire it. No other known race of man can compete with us for it on terms of equality. Just as the climate of Equatorial Africa has so long kept off the European, so will the climate of those States shield us from the fearful competition of all other races.

The American Negro is the legitimate offspring of that civilization which is giving its language, its customs, and its laws, to the whole world. Rome once scattered her civilization, her laws and her language, over the whole civilized world. History repeats itself. The time will come when there will be but one civilization, one universal language, the civilization and language of that little Island off the continent of Europe. The American Negro is in that civilization. He is of it. He never can retrograde. His movement must be onward, not backward. There is no limit to the possibilities of the American Negro in any community where he exceeds the whites in numbers. Along the South Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, the Negroes of this country will cluster. They will form a loyal and patriotic community, a friend of the Republic and the Nation, a shield and sword in war, a glory and pride in peace.

To collect and put together the foregoing:

In the North we have our independence, our citizenship, our civil rights, but we are hampered on all sides from attaining any considerable material prosperity. There is on the statute books no adverse municipal law. But the prejudices of the people among whom we live, nullifies all law. In the North our status is permanent and fixed. We are almost at the end of our string. There is little opportunity for development. Our progress from now on will continue to retard.

In the South we have the whole field of labor thrown open to us. There is no path to labor and distinction along which we are not earnestly invited. We start there shorn of some of some of the prerogatives of citizens. We start there on a lower level than we are in the North. But our opportunities for development, for growth, to rise are a thousand fold greater. And when we do start upward there is no limit to our ascent. Which is the better? Most true we are cheated out of many of our precious civil rights at present. But in the North we drive a white man's carriage, or wait on him, or shave him for the blessed privilege of walking up to the polls once a year and voting him into some fat office. Some of us get down on our knees and black his boots, or our women perspire over the wash tub, or cook stove, to earn barely enough money to buy a seat beside him in a theatre or a railway coach. These are blessed privileges. But is there much real value in them? Are they worth the sacrifices which they cost us? Are not these privileges something in the natures of pretty toys that lose their charm as soon as the novelty shall be worn off? True, when I ask you to live in the South, I ask you to give up, in a measure and for a time only, *some* of these privileges. But when they return they will bring great, even usurious interest. It involves self-denial and sacrifice. But for a time only. In a state of absolute nature every man is a law unto himself. Civilization, law and liberty are only possible where every man gives up a portion of his natural rights for the better interests of the whole. Civil liberty is only man's natural liberty so much abridged as is necessary to procure the interests of the whole community. So in forming a government every people must give up a portion of their natural rights in order to secure and perpetuate the remainder. It is on this principle that our own government is founded. In times of great national calamity the people always give a portion of this remainder the better to secure and perpetuate it. This is why they submit to a dictator, to a military usurpation, to draft, to search warrants, to odious taxes, to the suspension of the habeas corpus. All great people have had these experiences in their history. It involved national self-denial and sacrifice. Are we, the Negro race in the United States, incapable of this self denial which will secure and perpetuate to ourselves and posterity blessings and privileges which we do not now possess? The material of which a people are made, their strength, their power, is accurately measured by the amount of sacrifice of which they are capable—a savage is capable of little or none. But the people of England have several times put one half their total income at the disposal of the government. And the people of the North, during the rebellion, did nearly the same thing. It seems hard to give up a privilege, present, and in possession, even with the sure hope of receiving five in return. Most of us naturally shrink from being martyrs or pioneers. But our adversities, our necessities speak to us with tongues more persuasive than all of our orators, more eloquent than the pens of all our writers, more learned than all of our teachers, more effectual than our own ungoaded reason.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity which like the toad ugly and venomous, still has in its head a precious jewel." Thus will our very necessities drive us to our true policy, teach us to place our own material interests above and paramount to all temperal things. To cease depending upon the whites to help us, remembering that they help those who help themselves, how and when to use *combination* and when not to use it; to strike out for ourselves some bold line of action, and how to follow and submit to leadership.

The National Committee.

The Executive Committee, appointed by the Louisville Committee, met here Wednesday and Thursday. Col. W. A. Pledger, of Ga., the chairman, presiding and Mr. Jesse Lawson, of N. J., acting as secretary. Twenty States were represented. After the formal opening Mr. Douglass said:

The recent decision of the supreme court had divided the public mind, and he would suggest that, if it were possible, a unanimous indorsement by the committee of the dissenting opinion of Justice Harlan would be a graceful thing. In view of the present political situation he thought it would be well for them to hold a national convention just prior to those of the two great parties.

The following committees were appointed by the chair:

On civil rights—W. T. Scott, Illinois; J. T. Wilson, Virginia; James Dean, Florida.

Freedman's Saving bank—Jesse Lawson, New Jersey; R. S. Law, District of Columbia; G. M. Arnold, Virginia.

On education—J. W. Lyons, Ga.; A. P. Albert, Louisiana; W. T. Curtis, Missouri.

The memorial setting forth the past service of the colored people during and since the war, their claim for national aid to education, for reimbursement for losses by the Freedman's bank was adopted.

A resolution regretting the murders for political opinion's sake in Virginia was passed.

The decision on the civil rights bill was discussed, and a letter indorsing Judge Harlan and indorsing Mr. Wilson's amendment and Mr. Edmund's bill.

A resolution was passed calling a convention to meet in Richmond, Va., on the second Tuesday in July, 1884, to consider the platforms of the different political parties and give countenance and support to those who shall give them their rights civilly, politically, and that recognition due them as citizens.

Organization throughout the nation was urged, and to support no mad not in favor of general education.

The committee on recent outrages in Virginia presented their report denouncing the causes leading to them and petitioning congress to take some steps to prevent further trouble.

A national historical committee, consisting of two members from each State and territory, was appointed. It was agreed that the minutes of the Louisville, Ky., meeting be turned over to the corresponding secretary, and printed. States represented: Massachusetts, F. G. Barbadoes, proxy for Judge Ruffin; New York, G. W. Stewart and M. L. Hamlin; New Jersey, Jesse Lawson; Maryland, Jos. Briscoe and Wm. Murrell; Virginia, J. T. Wilson and G. M. Arnold; Kentucky, Dr. Fitzbutler and Perry Carson, proxy for G. W. Gentry; Illinois, W. T. Scott; Indiana, J. T. Mahoney, Missouri, W. T Curtis; Louisiana, A. P. Albert, proxy; Florida, Jas Dean and R. S. Smith; D. C., Rev. R. S. Laws and W. C. Chase; Georgia, W. A. Pledger and J. W. Lyons.

Growth of Trees.—As the results of observations, and from the testimony of reliable men, the following is about the average growth in twelve years of the leading desirable varieties when planted in belts or groves and cultivated: White maple, one foot in diameter and thirty feet high; ash, leaf maple or box-elder, one foot in diameter and twenty feet high; white willow, one and a half feet in diameter and forty feet high; yellow willow, one and a half feet in diameter and thirty-five feet high; Lombardy poplar, ten inches in diameter and forty feet high; blue and white ash, ten inches in diameter and twenty-five feet high; black walnut and butternut, ten inches in diameter and twenty feet high.

PROSPECTS.

BY LE DUKE

Some of our high-toned colored people seem to be very indignant because Senator Edmunds has seen fit to take up the legislative cudgel in defense of the rights of the colored people. They prate about the insincerity of the leaders of the republican party and boast they need no Civil Rights Bill, no *special* legislation, and least of all, the agitation of a "sickly sentimentality" which is designed to live through just one political campaign. More than this, we hear some of our "big guns" talking about the great forces which are fast obtaining, among the masses of colored people, which, as they say, will soon develop into the assertion and maintenance of the fullest manhood and independence. Owing to that inexorable rule of physics which insists upon the intangibility of forces, it is the most natural thing in the world that I should not perceive the *forces*, but as forces involve manifestations and since the quality of manifestations determines the quality of forces, I must be assured of these forces through the force of manifestations. For my part I see no manifestations which indicate a sudden taking on of conditions which will develop this full manhood of which our big guns speak. The fact is our condition is quite deplorable. We are ignorant and poor and therefore weak. The condition from which we have just sprung—a condition of slavery—has made us the object of prejudice and hatred. Our friends are few, our enemies legion. We need the strong arm of the law to protect us in the enjoyment of citizenship. Those who feel that they are capable of "paddling their own canoe" do not number many. They are the exception. The masses want protection and when a Senator of undoubted honesty of purpose and largeness of heart, of acute political sagacity and the faculty of keen judicial discrimination, offers a bill to provide for the "protection of colored citizens of the United States, against inhuman, wicked and unholy distinctions," I see no reason why the colored people or even the big guns should become indignant. We want sympathy. We want to arouse a sentiment in favor of our political freedom and whenever and wherever we see a man or set of men who are willing to help us, let us make haste to show our approbation. The efforts of Senator Edmunds are but the first manifestations of a friendly feeling towards us. The grand old party is looming up in defense of human rights and the first gun has been fired by the Senator from Vermont.

The constitutional amendment proposed by Senator Wilson, of Iowa, is another manifestation of the true and liberal spirit of the republican party. The amendment is designed to give Congress the power to "protect citizens of the United States in the exercise and enjoyment of the rights, privileges immunities" &c.

Senator Wilson has fired the picket-shot which will set the whole party to booming, until the old spirit, which has made the party illustrious, shall be revived.

For such prospects the colored people should be thankful and if the "big guns" don't like it, why, they may do the next best thing.

Brainard's Musical World.

The Holiday number of the *Musical World* is full of good things. Fine portraits of Franz Abt, Joachim, (the greatest living violinist), Berlioz, and some beautiful full-page engravings, are among the illustrations, while the biographies and general miscellany are interesting to all readers. The news gossip, correspondence, editorials and other articles pertaining to the musical art, are all timely and of value to either professional or amateur, teacher or student. The music this month consists of a choice new song by Rosabel—"You'll Sometimes Think of Me;" a fine ballad by Knowles, a characteristic song by Gus Williams, a Christmas Anthem and a number of choice piano-pieces. This number of the *World* should be on every piano-forte in the land. Price, 15 cents per copy; $1.50 per annum. S. Brainard's Sons, Euclid avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Exposure to Drafts when heated, and sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere are prolific sources of severe Colds, from which many cases of Inflammation of the Lungs, Pleurisy, Asthma, and other Pulmonary Affections are developed. Should you unfortunately contract a Cold, resort at once to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy that will not only promptly cure Coughs and Colds, but will relieve and strengthen the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs, and remove all dangerous symptoms.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

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" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

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Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—Don't fail to attend the fair.

—Buy holiday gifts at Douglass', under St. Cloud Building.

—Christmas confections at Davis' 714 K Street, n. w.

—The entertainment given at the 15th Street Presbyterian church Monday night by a committee of ladies was very successful.

—The Cadets' fair opened under very favorable auspices. Hon. Frederick Douglass formally opened the fair by a brief address; Register Bruce and Gen. Smalls followed.

—Hon. Frederick Douglass addressed the students of Howard University last Thursday on "Our Composite Nation."

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—A pound party was held at the 5th Baptist church on Vermont avenue last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings for the benefit of the poor of that church.

—Mrs. Ricks and Miss McPherson, (sisters), received hearty and deserved applause for the excellent manner in which they rendered the duett, "Sad Hour of Parting," at the Literary last Tuesday night.

—Mr. J. Henry Cromwell will spend the holidays with his father at Portsmouth, Va.

—The Baptist Sunday School Union met at the 5th Baptist church last Sunday. Essays were read by Misses Wilkins and Waugh.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—Mr. Wm. Homstead is quite ill with pneumonia at his residence, 1512 17th-st. THE ADVOCATE and many friends extend their sympathy and best wishes for his speedy convalescence.

—The Young Stars of Zion held a very pleasant parlor social at the residence of Rev. John H. Brooks, on 9th Street, Friday evening, the 14th inst. The proceeds were $13.85. Miss Josephine Ashton is president and Miss Bettie V. Johnson, secretary.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Miss Anne Baldwin, a great worker in Galbraith Chapel, who has recently been teaching, at Wellington, Prince William county, Virginia, has returned for the holidays. Her many friends will be pleased to see her.

—Col. Perry Carson has opened at 326 Pennsylvania avenue, what promises to be a first-class boarding house, and the rooms are neatly furnished. Mr. Carson says his house will be conducted on such principles as to commend it to the patronage of our best people.

—We call the attention of our readers to the fact that Mr. S. H. Wells, a colored business man, is keeping a first-class provision store, on 21st street, bet. I and K, n. w. Aside from the inducement which he offers, in the line of his goods, we suggest that it is our duty to patronize him because he is a colored man and because we desire to see them thrive.

—Mr. John West, one of the most respectable of our citizens, died last Sunday at 12:00 o'clock, at the advanced age of 72 years. Mr. West was a man of considerable means, accumulated through his industry and thrift at his trade, being a mason. He was a kind and genial gentleman and a loving and provident husband. The people of Washington have lost, in him, an old and respected resident and an excellent citizen. The funeral took place at St. Augustine church, last Wednesday, at 10:00 A. M.

A Missionary Service.

A large congregation assembled at the 15th Street Presbyterian church last Sunday evening to attend the special missionary meeting. After devotional exercises and the singing of hymns appropriate to the occasion, addresses were delivered by Mr. Stuart D. Fowler, of Virginia, on the importance and civilizing influences of missionary effort, and by Mr. Edward A. Forrest, of S. C., on the progress of missions. The rendition of solos by Misses Lizzie Piper and Cora Thomas, as well as the recitations by the Misses Shimm and Miss Emily Piper were highly creditable, and elicited warm comment. A brief talk was given by Mr. J. W. Ewing. Mr. W. A. Stewart presided. Mr. Meriwether and Miss Barney contributed largely to the success of the occasion.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Mr. and Mrs. F. McGundy celebrate their silver wedding next Wednesday evening.

Mr. Isreal C. Norcum and Miss Mary E. Elliot, both teachers in the colored schools, of Portsmouth, Virginia, will be united in matrimony on the same evening.

Rev. Wm. H. B. Vodery, of Baltimore, will lead Miss Lena, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Hall, of Philadelphia, to the altar, on the second proximo, at the bride's parents' in the latter city. A reception will be subsequently held on the 3rd, at 164, South Carolina St., Baltimore.

—Mr. Charles Jerome Malord, well-known Virginia politician, and Miss Lillian B. Lee, grand daughter of the late A. Lee, of Georgetown, were united in marriage at the Berean Baptist church, Wednesday night. Rev. Wm. Waring performing the ceremony and Rev. W. H. Brooks assisting. The bride wore a white albatros cloth dress, satin surah corsage, skirt trimmed with rare lace. Miss Florence Williams was bridesmaid, and Samuel B. Jackson was best man. Messers. George M. Arnold, C. B. Holcome and J. L. Davis were ushers. A fine reception was held at 1150 21st St., where many friends called to pay their respects. Many presents were received. The newly married couple will live at 1634 10th Street, n. w.

"THE AGE OF PERICLES."

The Monday night Literary club seems to be growing in interest and increasing in members at each meeting. One of the most interesting of the meetings held during the present season was that held Monday night of last week, at the residence of Prof. W. S. Montgomery, when the "Age of Pericles" was the subject of discussion. Prof. Greener presided in the absence of Mr. Grimke. Mr. S. L. Williams made a brief and nicely-worded statement of the condition of Athens at the time, immediately preceding the ascendancy of Pericles, its relation to the other Grecian cities and States, the character of Pericles and of his contemporaries. Thucydides, Cimon and other noted Grecians.

A general discussion followed, in which Prof. Greener, Cooke Montgomery, Richard and Rainey, took leading parts—the latter gentleman making a clear analysis of the relative merits of Pericles and Demosthenes as orators. The subject of the development of the fine arts at that period was treated somewhat at length, and altogether the meeting was a decided success.

ARMORY OF WASHINGTON CADET CORPS

CAPTAIN FLEETWOOD'S REPLY TO IONE AND LOUISE.

Editor Advocate:

Knowing the constant drain upon military organizations for their even ordinary calls for their proper maintenance and creditable appearance, it was suggested by their friends that it was manifestly unjust to permit them also to cater for the amusement of others at an additional expense still added to their already onerous burdens. It was therefore suggested that at all "complimentary" affairs, a sufficient fee should be charged at the cloak-room, to pay the expenses of the entertainment and enable "the boys" to be *complimented* by the visits of their guests by feeling assured that it was not simply a chance to have a free lunch and a good time without paying for it, that brought them. This plan was adopted by the white organizations some two or three years ago, and commenced last winter, (last as usual), to be tried by some of our organizations, as it also enabled them to exercise at least a degree of supervision over the admission of parties by excluding those not invited. Of course at a regular public entertainment, with fee for admission, any one paying that fee, who is decently dressed and not intoxicated must be admitted. The general fee charged by the white militia organizations at their complimentary affairs is one dollar a head. Our charges were for ladies 25 cents, gentlemen 50 cents. The difference being that under the old method, everybody would have had to pay 50 cents for admission and an additional ten or fifteen cents for cloak-room fees. I must admit that it is rare to find people who grumble at paying *less* than usual for the same thing. The supper on this occasion was furnished and managed entirely by the honorary members of the corps. Our only connection therewith being to receive with thanks the small profit accruing therefrom.

If you will allow me a little more space to say a few words to "Louise," in your contemporary, it would be that in an extensive experience of social entertainments in this city for the past fifteen years, purely social, semi-social, military, or what not, no matter by whom managed, I can now recall but one single gathering large enough to require a public hall for its purposes, that was without some persons, male or female, about whom the question could be raised—how came he or she here? I have a large organization; my boys are poor, but respectable; so are their relatives. Louise must not assume that because there were some present whose circumstances did not allow them to wear seal-skin sacks and silks, that they were necessarily "improper persons" to "come between the wind and *her* nobility."

In all affairs of ours that have been or may be given by invitation, the closest possible care is exercised to exclude "improper persons." Where the "*better classes*" so utterly fail, perfect success on our part is at least improbable.

I propose, however, to avail myself of any possible means to remove the cause of any just criticism. "Louise" states that these improper persons were present, and promises to give their names even without attending other entertainments. Now, in all good faith and honesty, if "Louise" will give us the benefit of her acknowledged extensive acquaintance among these "improper persons," I will pay her handsomely to attend our future entertainments and point them out to our committee as they approach, and pledge my honor as a soldier and a gentleman that they shall not be admitted.

C. A. FLEETWOOD,
Capt. Comdg.

Washington, D. C.,
Dec. 12, 1883.

BETHEL LITERARY.

"THE BLACK WOMAN OF THE SOUTH."

This was the topic of Dr. Crummell's paper, before Bethel Literary, Tuesday night.

He said the present age had witnessed the elevation of woman from the low position which she had occupied in the social scale in the past. There was one grand exception to this, that of the Black Woman of the South. He then depicted, in his characteristic graphic manner, the condition of tha Black Woman of the South.

The colored people of this country were about 500,000 and the Negroes parexcellence the 700,000.

He referred to the latter—not to the class who lived in the towns and cities, not the house servants, but to the average field hand. After drawing a striking picture, in which the sad condition of this class was presented, he dwelt, at length, on the excellencies of the colored woman as pictured by celebrated writers from Mungo Park to Michelet and Fanny Kemble Butler. He suggested as remedies for the amelioration of the colored woman of the South. 1st. Sisterhoods, for cabin visitations and personal work; next industrial schools for the masses.

Col. J. T. Wilson, of Norfolk, was the first speaker. He indorsed the paper and thought some such action as that indicated was needed. If the colored ministry were more fully alive to the interests of the race, it would be desirable.

Hon. J. H. Rainey believed the picture of the present condition of the colored woman of the South, as presented was somewhat overdrawn; it was true as applicable at the close of the war, but now, colored women work less in the fields and the flower plots before their cabins evince taste. Colored men could elevate the condition of women by making them more their companions and taking counsel of them in the business of every day life.

J. R. Harris spoke in behalf of the paper and the needs of colored women and grew eloquent in comparing them with the Grecian dames.

Mr. W. H. Richards thought national aid would solve the problem. He believed the picture drawn by the doctor overdrawn as far as relates to Tennessee.

J. W. Ewing corroborated Mr. Rainey's statements as to the progress of woman in Greece, and the sentiments of the paper.

G. M. Arnold illustrated Dr. Crummell's suggestions as to Sisterhoods, by instancing what Mrs. Jennings had done in a county in Virginia, in elevating womanhood.

Mr. E. E. Green told how combining industrial development with literary training enabled a colored teacher whose first field of labor was in an unsightly log cabin to so revolutionize her surroundings and cultivate the beautiful, the good, the true.

Mrs. Hunt, the matron of Howard University, heartily indorsed the paper and approved the general tone of the debate and of the good done by the meetings. No subject interested her more than the proper training of the colored women of the South, for upon their welfare, the happiness of the race with which they are identified, largely depended.

A vote of thanks was tendered Dr. Crummell and the meeting adjourned.

West Washington Notes

Bishop Payne delivered an able and instructive lecture, on Wednesday evening last, at Ebenezer A. M. E. church, on the duty of the members of the church.

The Washington Harmonic Company, or the Musical Club, of Washington, gave and excellent concert at Ebenezer church, on Monday night, which brought out all the musical talent of West Washington to witness the great musical skill to be displayed by this company. The company was composed of Prof. J. T. Layton, Mr. John Lane, Misses A. L. Tilghman, S. A. Jurix and A. Wallace, with the organist, Mr. Frank Jones; manager, R. J. Smith. At 8:00 P. M. Mr. Smith took the stage and in a short and appropriate speech gave the history of the company. They then introduced themselves by singing,

"Dancing over the waves" which brought forth deafening applause and a duet by Miss Tilghman and Mr. Layton, entitled, "Master and Pupil;" in this piece great musical talent was displayed. The Solo, "Moonlight on the Lake," by Miss Tilghman, displayed so much musical talent that it almost drew the audience to their feet.

The bass Solo, "Hybrias, the Cretan," sung by Mr. Layton, in which there was an echo, caused the audience to turn frequently to the rear, believing some one in the other part of the house to be imitating him. Upon the whole, it was decided that there was nothing to equal among the other clubs in this city, the musical excellence of this company.

They will be called on to repeat this concert at an early date.

The commencement of the feast of Tabernacles, of ten days in the wilderness, by The Twelve Tribes of Israel, began last Monday night, at Ebenezer. There was such an immense crowd that there was not standing room.

The Lincoln Light Infantry Company Fair, will not be held until after the holidays.

Mrs. Wm. Cornell has recently opened her fancy store in Fisher's Hall building. It looks decidedly attractive. Her friends wish her much success.

"IMMANUEL."

This beautiful Christmas Cantata will be rendered by Union Bethel Sunday School to-morrow evening at half-past seven o'clock. It can be said without exaggeration that this entertainment will prove highly enjoyable to all who witness it. As the music is full of gems, and the scriptural recitations appropriate, it will make a lasting impression upon all who are fortunate enough to be present.

Ladies desiring to keep "open house" on New Year's will have the fact announced if they send us word by next Thursday.

On the evening of December 27th, '83, the Amphion Singing Society will again meet the public at Musical Fung Hall. The occasion is its second public rehearsal. Those who were present at the first, remember, with pleasure, what an artistic and finished program was offered and successfully carried out; and how carefully every detail of arrangement was attended to, that promise to add anything to the enjoyment of their assembled friends.

This society has, without doubt, made a move in the right direction. Those who can appreciate the value of its work have long felt the necessity for improvement and reform in the field in which it is surely and steadily forcing its way to the front.

Its entertainments are of the purest character, and are not only valuable to "society," as healthy needed, but they are giving aid to one of the most potent arms of the church.

The prayer of all should be for a hearty response to the second invitation of the society; and for continued success in the good work it has undertaken. And the heartiness of the response will consist in being present upon the occasion referred to.—*Recorder.*

A brilliant social entertainment was given, on last Friday evening, 7th ulto., at 1215, 17th street, and conducted by a number of gentlemen who contemplate giving a series of such entertainments during the season. Dancing was a pleasant feature of the affair, and the choice variety, as well as the quantity, of the refreshments furnished, proved a satisfactory answer to the demand of the inner man.

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Reductions in all Departments and Special Prices on all Holiday Novelties. As our Goods are Marked Plainly in Figures, with the Special Prices below, purchasers can see at a glance what they are saving. Our assortment is too large to enumerate, but every department is filled with Goods of the Best Quality, suited for HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

New Designs in Comb and Brush Sets, Whisk-Holders, Jewel Cases, Toilet Sets, Fans and Fan Cases, Fine French Bags, Handkerchief Boxes, Bronzes Card Cases, Fine Pocketbooks, Cigar and Cigaret Cases, Necessaries, Jewelry, Fancy Baskets &c., &.

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Friday Evening, January 4th, 1884.

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Monday, December 24,—BUTLER ZOUAVES, Capt. C. B. Fischer.
Thursday, Dec. 27—Grand Masquerade and the SPARTA SOCIAL CLUB. A Prize for the Gentleman and the Lady who shall be adjudged the best *en masque*.
Friday, Dec. 28—GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
Monday, Dec. 31—MASONIC NIGHT.
Wednesday, January 2, 1884.—Benevolent Associations and ODD FELLOWS.
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Dec 8 tf.

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We can furnish anything from a Bodkin to a Cylinder Press.

(*continued from 1st page.*)

"olics of their youthful days that the old parsonage rang, the books on the library shelves rattled, and several of the theological volumes actually gaped with horror.

But at last the stories were all told, the jokes all cracked, and the laughter all laughed, and the little deacon wished the parson good bye, and jogged happily homeward, but more than once he laughed to himself and said, "Bless my soul, I didn't know the parson had so much fun in him." And long the parson sat by the glowing grate after the deacon had left him, musing of other days, and the happy, pleasant things that were in them, and many times he smiled, and once laughed outright at some remembered folly, for he said: "What a wild boy I was, and yet, I meant no wrong, and the dear old days were very happy."

Aye, aye, Parson Whitney, the dear old days were very happy, not only to thee, but to all of us who, following our sun, have faced westward so long that the light of the morning shows dull through the dim haze of memory. But happier than even the old days will be the young ones, I ween, when, following still westward, we suddenly come to the gates of the east and the morning once more; and there in the dawn of a day which is cloudless, we find our lost youth and its loves, to lose them and it no more forever, thank God.

Boy Inventors.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of mere boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a boy. Watts left the engine in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that he had no way to open or close the valves, except by means of levers operated by the hand. He sat up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy was hired to work these valve levers; although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working these levers, he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the exact time that he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve lever; the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with a perfect regularity of motion. A short time after, the foreman came around saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he soon saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention. Mr. Watts then carried out the boy's inventive genius in a practical form, and made the steam engine a perfect automatic working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had got it all done, he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who kicked it all to pieces, saying, he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy gathered up the pieces and laid them away. Soon after that his father bound him out as an apprentice to a blacksmith, about twelve miles from home. The boy was delighted at the idea of learning a trade, and he soon found that his new master was kind and took a lively interest in him. He had made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, which he showed to his master. The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a very valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy; it worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy was to receive one-half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote the boy's father he would be at his home at a given time and should bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that his loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year before.

"Out of the Current."

Pity and need make all flesh kin.—[The Light of Asia.

Reason and virtue alone can bestow liberty.—[Shaftburg.

"The last man who corrects mistakes is —the one who commits them."

"None but God and the poor know what the poor do for each other."

"Industry need not wish, and he who lives upon hope will die fasting."

True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.—[Halifax.

"For him who does everything in its proper time, one day is worth three."

The world is running mad after farce, the extremity of bad poetry.—[Dryden.

It is not advisable to reward where men have a tendency not to punish.—[L'Estrange not merely not to punish.—[L'

society that suffers by every

selfish, every mean, every unjust man."

"Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of her, or truckle to her. Poverty is good natured enough if you meet her like a man."

We love what we see a little or what we do know of but not.—[Ice Marvel.

What a good and true woman is said to resemble a Cremona fiddle—age but increases its power and sweetens its tone.—[Holmes.

A flirt is like a dipper attached to a hydrant; everyone is at liberty to drink from it, but no one desires to carry it away.—[N. P. Willis.

"The highest mark of esteem a woman can give a man is to ask his friendship; the most signal proof of her indifference is to offer him hers."

To protect one's self against storms in life, marriage with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest; but with a bad woman it proves a tempest in the harbor."

As for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that. Whatsoever it be every mountebank has it more than the best doctor.—[Cowley.

We direct the attention of [illegible] and girls here to the following, taken from a contemporary: "The practice of eating snow and ice, so common to children of the Northern States, is a fruitful cause of catarrh. It is common to see boys and girls devour a snow-ball as though is were an apple, or an icicle as eagerly as a bit of candy. The hard palate which forms the roof of the mouth also forms the floor of the nostrils, and is no thicker than pasteboard. The chilling effects of the snow and ice brought freely in contact with this thin partition, the upper covering of which is a sensitive secreting membrane made up almost wholly of fine blood-vessels and nerves, produces a congestion, often succeeded by chronic inflammation. As a consequence these snow and ice-eating boys and girls almost always have 'colds in the head' and running noses."

Old "Saws" Re-set.

At how great an altitude is the above.

A sufficient quantity of circulating medium causes the female equine quadruped to move gaily.

Remove with a handkerchief, or any other convenient fabric of the loom, such extraneous matter or foreign substance as may have adhered to the lower part of your face.

Abstain from all things immoral and unlawful and you will enjoy that peace of mind which constitutes true happiness.

A rigid adherence to equity and uprightness in all transactions will eventually prove to be the most prudent and satisfactory.

The feathered songster which is abroad at or before the break of day usually succeeds in entrapping the reptile designed by Nature as its food.

Probably all of the foregoing are "self-evident," even to the younger readers, who have not grappled much with the intricacies of their mother tongue; the latter three may however, puzzle them a little, so we give the translation:

"Be virtuous and you will be happy.
"Honesty is the best policy."
"The early bird catches the worm."

To still further show how the English language is capable of amplification, we give a few more examples:

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine," can be rendered: The primitive machinery used by the heathen deities for the attrition and reduction of cereals performed their work in a very dilatory and tedious manner, but the particles obtained by such attrition were infinitesimal.

"Speech is silvern, but silence is golden."

The articulation of human language may be likened to the next most precious metal; or styled in metallurgic phraseology, argentiferous; but a reticence of articulation is auriferous.

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

It is impossible to construct a silken receptacle for a circulating medium, or currency, from the auricular organ of a female swine.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

One feathered biped in the palm and digits of the extremity of the human arm is more than equivalent in value to one in or on an incipient monarch of the forest.

"What is sauce for the goose is sance for the gander."

Any article relished as a condiment by the female *auser* will serve equally well to sharpen the appetite of the male of the sames species.

"A new broom sweeps clean."

A recently acquired household implement used to remove foreign particles from the floors of dwellings by a horizontal motion in the hands of the housewife or her subordinate, performs its functions in a highly satisfactory manner.—*H. E. Rounds.*

An Evening with Saturn.

Shining with a dull, leaden color, in striking contrast with the brilliant Jupiter and the scintillating fixed stars, Saturn is almost the last object in the sky that one would expect to find interesting. But in the telescope its whole aspect is changed, and its presents a scene of marvelous beauty. "I wouldn't have believed that there was such an object in the sky," is a remark that the owner of a telescope hears again and again when he shows his friends Saturn's rings. There is nothing resembling them in the whole visible universe. In truth, Saturn's rings have been a puzzle to the astronomers. Mathematicians have figured themselves into the belief that it is a physical impossibility for those rings to exist. Yet the rings are there. Theory after theory has been invented to account for them, yet the laws of their being cannot be said to be understood. When in 1850 Prof. Bond discovered the wonderful crape or gauze ring inside of the others—which is semi-transparent, so that the body of the planet may be seen through it—there was a great overturning of old theories. The notion that the rings were solid was abandoned. Some said they were liquid. Finally it was decided that they were composed of a vast multitude of tiny satellites, traveling around the planet close together and in the same plane. If there were inhabitants like us on these little worlds, they might knock each other's worlds to pieces with hundred-ton guns. Whether any of the theories about Saturn's rings is correct, nobody knows, but anybody with a three-inch telescope can see the rings, graceful and perfect in outline, bright as polished gold, and marked with delicate lines and shadings. The two main rings together are about 30,000 miles broad, and only 50 miles—perhaps less—thick. [illegible] up on a ran pole, before he could find out what the rings were, which our modern achromatics show so easily. Galileo, who studied them for years, never found out that they were rings. He made a picture of them, as they looked in his telescope, like two little globes on each side of a larger globe. After a while they grew dim, and presently he could see them no longer. The thin edge of the rings was turned toward the earth as happens once in every fifteen years. Galileo was in despair. He began to think that those who had laughed at his discoveries were right, and that his telescope had really been deceiving him all the time. He knew the old myth about Saturn's devouring his children, and he questioned whether the smaller planets that he had seen had not been swallowed up by the large one. The rings were represented in all sorts of queer shapes by subsequent observers, but nobody seems to have thought that they were rings. [illegible] Huygens found it out, and [illegible] then his discovery was [illegible] disputed by those who had less powerful telescopes.

Saturn is even more generously supplied with moons than Jupiter, having eight. With a good three and a half or four inch telescope, in good weather, five of these moons can be seen. The three smaller ones testthe power of the largest telescope.

Among the most attractive features of Saturn are the various shades of color exhibited on the ball and the rings, and the shadows that they cast upon one another. The eye requires a few evenings' practice to be able to discern these features readily. Then the planet and the rings, with the little moons grouped about them, appear in the telescope with a wonderful stereoscopic effect.—*New York Sun.*

CREEPING CHARLEY.—To make "Creeping Charley" grow luxuriantly in a vase, place some broken pieces of charcoal at the bottom of it, with some beach sand on it to a depth of two inches; place the stems of the plants in this sand, and fill the vase with water. Place in the coolest corner of the room.

Mystery of Dreams.

A story is told of a man who fell asleep as the clock tolled the first stroke of twelve and awakened ere the echo of the twelfth stroke had died away. In the interval he had dreamed that he had committed a crime, been detected after five years, tried and condemned; the shock of finding the halter about his neck aroused him to consciousness, when he discovered that these events had happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time.

Mohammed, wishing to illustrate the wonders of sleep, told how a certain man began a sheik; found himself for his pride, made poor a fisherman; that he lived as one for sixty years, brought up a family and worked hard; how, upon waking from his long dream, so short a time had he been asleep, that the narrow-necked gourd bottle filled with water, which he knew he overturned as he fell asleep, had not time in which to empty itself.

What is it that crowds the experience of years into an atom of time, and how can we explain the workings of a mind that moves with such astonishing rapidity?

How fast the soul travels when the body is asleep! How often when we wake do we shrink from the dull routine of sordid experience that is before us, and wish ourselves back in the pleasanter life of dreamland. How is it when we go to a strange place we fancy that we have seen it before? Or why, when awakening in the morning are we impressed with an indescribable sense of having been somewhere, and gazed upon scenery that is strange to us but which is pictured upon our minds, and which dwells with us for days through the influence of a dream?

Is it possible that when one has been asleep the soul has floated away, seen the place, and has stamped upon its memory the impressions which we cannot comprehend, and which cling to us with such tenacity when we awake?

If it is true, as some scientific men claim that there is such a substantial, vital, and mental organism, which constitutes the incorporeal and essential entity of every living creature, then we can understand what it is that controls and influences us, that connects us with the countries and prophetic utterance of our dreams, and which leaves our bodies, while they lie senseless and asleep, to roam the earth at will.

It must be a part of some actual substance which had a previous existence and as our material organism necessarily came from a source or fountain of pre-existing matter, so must our mental and vital organism come from a source or fountain of pre-existing mind and life.

It is the mental, incorporeal structure that which is immortal, the soul of man that goes forth and receives the impressions that fasten themselves upon our minds with such vividness when we are awake. It is this essence, which comprehends in a dream, quicker than the lightning flash, the detailed experiences of events in our lives which would cover years in their actual enactment.—*Boston Times.*

Cooking in Germany.

I doubt whether the mysteries of German cooking are comprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon mind, or permanently endurable by the Anglo-Saxon stomach. In order to obtain that peace of mind which is absolutely necessary to aid the digestion of the compounds which daily come upon the table, one must not seek to comprehend.

Is there not a close relationship between the methods of cooking of a people and their intellectual and moral development? Cannot the positive, practical directness of the Anglo-Saxon mind be connected with their plain, succulent, unmistakable roasts and chops?—or the grace and æsthetic sense of the French referred to their delicate ragouts and sauces?—and the cloudy self-evolving philosophies of the Germans to their incomprehensible mixtures of fish, flesh, fruit and vegetables? Or would a closer analysis show that the reverse process works out food preparation from innate characteristics?

The fundamental principle of German cooking is to mix together as many incongruous things as possible. My countrymen have a special talent, recognized the world over, for inventing mixed drinks, but his combinations pale before those of the Germans in mixed cooking. That compound which is so toothsome to a German, a herring salad, is concocted from sixteen different articles. A German beefsteak is made of hashed meats, rolled into a ball and fried. What they call roast beef is a chunk of meat boiled a while and then baked; it usually looks like a lump of india-rubber. With the meats is always served a compote, made of stewed or preserved fruit. The vegetables are deemed at their best when they are floating in grease. Sausage, however, is the great national delicacy. It is produced in great varieties of size and quality; and the sausage shops of Berlin are the most elegant in the city. The German family table, with its mysteries and abominations, is the severest which the American has to undergo. He submits himself to the domestic lady modified her culinary practices somewhat to suit my fancies; yet six months of effort failed to reconcile me to her strange diet. I have met with a few Americans in Germany, a long time there, who first endured, then pitied, then finally embraced the execrable cookery; but, as one might suspect, they have in a degree become denationalized.

In Berlin, however, one is not obliged to suffer this daily martyrdom; there are a few good restaurants, where one can fare sumptuously and in a civilized way, and, for those so inclined, there are a few very good pensions which adapt themselves to our ways of living.

A Learned Judge.

"Boys will be boys," is a trite adage, and a court in Kansas has woven it into law. In a suit for damages on account of injuries received by a boy while playing about a railroad track, a justice of the Kansas Supreme Court decided that boys had certain rights which must be respected, and that nature's gift of mischief-making must not be used against the boys. "Everybody knows," said the court, "that by nature and by instinct boys love to ride, and love to move by other means than their own locomotion. They will cling to the hind end of moving wagons, ride upon swings and swinging gates, slide upon cellar doors and rails of staircases, pull sleds up hill in order to ride down upon them in the snow, and even pay to ride upon imitation chariots swung around in a circle by means of a horse-power. Now, everybody knowing the nature and the instincts common to all boys, must act accordingly. No person has a right to leave, even on his own land, dangerous machinery calculated to attract and entice boys to it, there to be injured, unless he first takes proper steps to guard against all danger; and any person who does thus leave dangerous machinery exposed, without first providing against all danger, is guilty of negligence."

Newspaper Work.

Many young men, fresh from college, crammed with learning and ambition, desire to become journalists that they may exercise moral influence over the masses which are reached by a newspaper. They do not understand that journalists are not turned out of universities ready made. Journalism is a profession which can only be mastered after long years of active service—on the same principle of that to be a good lawyer, or a successful minister, or a competent mechanic, one must have practical experience, and can attain prominence only after long years of patient labor. Young men on leaving college are apt to think they could shape the destiny of a nation if they could only get control of the columns of some newspaper. Perhaps a young graduate does get an opportunity to write editorials for some country weekly. He launches a bolt, and then anxiously awaits the report. He generally waits in vain, and is both pained and chagrined to find out that his majestic utterances have attracted no attention whatever. Perhaps he gets a position on one of the big dailies, and, with a proud heart, he hands in to the managing editor a long article, over which he spent several days and nights in writing and rewriting, only to be sharply told that such compositions are useless—that what is wanted is a concise statement of news. He is perhaps detailed to write up some congenial subject, and is ordered to have it done at a certain time. Hampered thus, pinioned genius refuses to work, and the ambitious youth makes a flat failure. Journalism is drudgery—plodding, unostentatious drudgery. The individual work which makes a complete newspaper attracts no attention from the public generally. Readers say this or that paper is a good one, without once caring who did this or that to make it such. And this alone would be cruel to the unfledged writer who hopes to yield a moral influence. If one of his articles appears he expects it to be the feature of the paper, and is disappointed if people do not talk about it and insist upon knowing who wrote it; whereas he may write for years without achieving distinction.

Artificial Amber.

Articles made of artificial amber are now produced in immense quantities and of beautiful appearance, and sold for the natural material. The resembling substance thus employed is principally colophony—a resin obtained by the decomposition of turpentine—though many other ingredients are also made use of to give it the requisite qualities. So perfect is the imitation said to be, that the false substance has the electrical properties of the true; and some ingenious fabricators have even managed to introduce into the substance foreign bodies—insects, etc.,—to render the similarity more striking. The means of detection are simple. Genuine amber requires a heat of 545° to 550° Fah. to melt it, while the spurious substance becomes liquid at a much lower temperature. Again, while the true article is only slightly attacked, after a very long time, by ether and alcohol, the imitation rapidly loses its polish in contact with such liquids, and soon becomes soft. True amber pieces of small size may be formed into a lump of much greater value by moistening the surfaces to be united with caustic potash, and pressing them together while warm.

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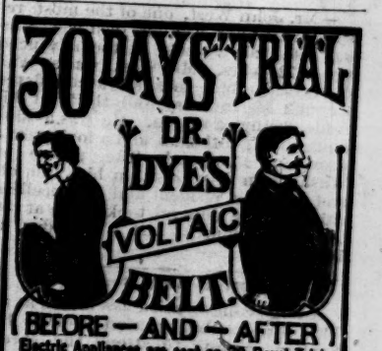

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